THE PRETTY MISS PAGE

BY FRANCES B. JAMES.

A Photographic Failure.

It was in the early days of dry-plate photography, before the amateur pervaded every corner of the land, that we, Constance and Helen Page, went to spend the summer at a quiet village on the Maine coast. It was a very picturesque place when we got there, but we had a journey in the stage-coach of about five miles. To begin with, we usually had a race with a train on a parallel bridge to the one we were crossing. and this always excited the horses; then there was the long, hot, dusty ride over the humid, heavy road, through a pretty country, whose beauty one could scarce admire while suffering from these discomforts. Nearly all the way we saw the sea, for the road skirted the shore, but instead of the delicious coolness suggested by water there was an intense glare. Under these circomstances it can easily be imagined what a celief it was when the poor tired horses were urged to a spirited dash up a steep driveway. passed a little mound crowned with a table-like monument, to the door of the Phipps Hotel, where the cool breezes that had been desired on the road swept refreshingly through the great ball with its open glazed doors at either end. Even on the hottest days there was sure to be a breeze here. The landlord had chosen the situation of the house well. Before us atretched the bay, a light-house reared its head not far from shore, while the distant light of the shoals gleamed at night across the water. I was told again and again how many lights were visible from the piazza, but I never had a head for figures, so I have forgotten. I am not the elever member of the family. Constance is: if she were here she would know exactly how many lights there were, and which were revolving and which flashing. Of course the first thing we did after we got

our dinner and unpacked everything-the camera had been carried with great care and was examined before we touched a thing to see that no damage was done-was to look about for artistic subjects fit to photograph. There was the once splendid tomb, sufficiently ruined to be picturesque, of Sir William Phipps, the pre-Revolutionary here. There was a fine old house of his not far distant. It was very grand in its day with its terraced garden stretching down to the sea, but the old building now was used as a sort of tenement; still its carved staircase was a tempting bit for the lens. Then there was his father-in-law's residence, the oldest house in this very old settlement, but some vandal had cut it in two. Morris Worth told us it was inherited by two brothers, and they thus divided it practically. Morris was such a nice fellow. It was his aunt, Mrs. Lambert, who was to act as chaperone to us girls. He got so attached to the camera and was always ready to be a subject or to act as a "bit of life in the landscapes." I confess I had thready got tired of being model, and was elad that Connie accepted him as a substitute. Didn't I say Con was the photographer! I am sot clever, as I said before, and it is Con that runs the camera, though it really is mine, for Uncle Will gave it to me when I was getting over the bronchists; of course I could not use it hen, so I told Con to use it as if it were her own. She was just wild on the subject and sent at it, photographing night and day—or at east developing at night. She brought me hornd, messy plates to look at and I believe the lamphese that always hung around her as she same out of the dark-room—the dressing-room between our rooms she used for this purpose made me worse. At all events, it was a long time before I was well enough even to go in to see her develop. When I did get well I believe she had really forgotton that the camera was not hers, and she had such a start and knew.so much about the subject that I had not the courage to try to catch up with her. In fact, I am not clever, and if she did not allow me to mix developers and such things I am sure I would use hypo for pyro, they sound so much alike, but Con never would take the trouble to teach me, she says it is such a waste of plates, and if I suggest developing one of hers she is sure I would spoil it -so am I, to tell the truth; so I have to be contented with helping her carry the apparatus, and sometimes when she is developing a lot of plates I am al-lowed to take out those in the hypo to see if they are done, so she need not stain her fingers. Connie is older than I am and manages everything. If it had not been for Connie I am sure I do not know what would have become of us when father and mother died, but she just managed everything, she got a good housekeeper to

But to return to Harbourside; Morris Worth, who had been here the summer before, told us of plenty of beautiful subjects the first night. We did not know Morris very well before we went to Harbourside; he was in college and we had met him at one or two occasions. His annt we knew intimately, as she was an old friend of mother's. She was the dearest old thing, exactly the kind of chaperone girls like, always ready for long excursions by land or sea or willing to let us go for a walk by ourselves, the never interfered with our amusements in the least, Morris was soon on good terms with us. It was only the second night after we reached Harbourside, we had been tramping about all day with the camera, we three, and we were reating before Con set up her red lantern in our bedroom and were sitting in the corner of the them.

piazza, for Mrs. Lambert was a bit exclusive "I am going to Rivermonth to get some plates and did not hobnob with the other boarders, as I was saying we were chatting easily in our cor-ner, when Morris, who had been devoting him-seif to Con turned to his aunt.

"She must call me Morris, auntie," said he,

run the house, and we lived on as happily as

"it's such nouseuse to say Mr. Worth. Don't you think on the score of your old acquaintance, Aunt Lizzie, that she might cail me by my first name?" "I am sure I don't know why she should not,

my dear," replied Mrs. Lambert.
"But then he must call us by our first names. too," said Con. She never asked my leave and I thought her a little forward but then Con always is more or less. So it was settled that we should be Morris. Connie and Helen, but he soon said he thought Lena a prettier name and as I really had been baptized Helena I did not object. All subjects we had photographed that day proved pretty good. Connie usually chooses queer things and if I suggest something artistic

she replies that I know nothing of the laws of photography, and usually artistic arrangements. she adds, are a failure. Of course, I submit to all this, but it was new to Morris, and it was only his politeness that made him back down so easily, and, besides, ne meant to learn all he could about photography as he intended to set up a machine of his own some day and he want-ed some practical knowledge before he bought it, he soon saw that is never paid to cross Con in

We photographed the tomb of course, but i was on a hill and Con had not any level, so it was awkfully crooked on the plate. When she tried the old house she did not use the swingback, so the lines went every which way, but she did get some successful bits-Morris, when he saw the crockedness of the pictures, suc-gested she should use a string with a penknife on it, as a plumbline. Con did not like this criticism. I know, but she evidently liked Morris and could stand his remarks better than she could mine.

Well, there is no use telling what we did each day, but the programme was always pretty much the same, a tramp with the camera in the norning, a pap in the afternoon and developing in the evening. Morris wanted to learn all about developing, so I was obliged to go into the room with that nasty, smoky red lantern to act propriety for them. In fact I got heartily sick of photography. We took a view of the half-finished fort, we drove to Mary Chauncy's grave (I have a rose Morris picked from the bush that grows by it); we made endless sea-views, and views of boats, and islands, and trees and everything, even the lovely view of the creek behind the house, when the tide was out. I insisted on this, the tide does go out with a vengeance, till there is nothing left but mudflats-we used to get stuck on these some-times if we miscalculated when we were coming

home from our morning exercises. There were some rather nice people in the bouse, the only objection to them was that they always wanted to be photographed and would talk of "photos," which I think sounds vulgar. But they were bent on enjoying their holidays, and had pienics and clambakes innumerable. As a rule I think picnics horrid, but it was such a relief to have any other object in view beside photographies that I positively enjoyed them. To be sure, Connie always took the camera and Morris always devoted himself to her, and they took endless views, but as the expeditions were not strictly photographic. I could enjoy roaming about without viewing things necessarily from a photographic stand-point, but really it hour before the stage starts. Over and over in had become such a second nature to me that I hour before the stage starts. Over and over in believe I never saw a fantastic pile of rocks or a my mind I puzzle about that ring. Morris did

The old grave-yard not far off attracts me, it is a did wat down to the landing with him. Old Mr. Burton, an admirer of Mr. Lambert, seconds the motion as we walk down to the landing with him. Old Mr. Burton, an admirer of Mr. Lambert, seconds the motion as we walk down to the foot of the hill. We see him off and coming back we pair naturally; we talk, Morris and I, about various things; suddenly he says:

"Didn't Con lend you her purse this morning?"

"Mr. Stanley Jewett, Lamanda Park: better the seaside visitors, who happen to be collecting the seconds the motion as we walk down to the foot of the hill. We see him off and coming back we pair naturally; we talk, Morris and I, about various things; suddenly he says:

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good group of people that I did not mentally lecide whether it was a good subject or not. So time went on. Morris was always with Connie, who no longer needed my assistance to carry her traps, and once or twice I begged off of some photographic expedition.

There were but a few men in the house, and bosts of girls, as there always are; what becomes of the men who do not go to Mt. Desert in the

summer I am sure I do not know. We never go to Mt. Desert; Connie says it is too civilized for photography. All the girls in the Phipps Hotel hated Con. because Morris devoted himself to her, and they even disliked me, as I came in for some of his favors. I know they said spiteful things about Connie when they were not aware that I was listening; our room had a window on the piazza, and when the blinds were down I could hear them talking outside. Connie never was at home by daylight except when everyone was taking their siesta, and when she was developing at night I always insisted that she should have the windows shut to keep out the mosquitoes and doorbugs that were fascinated by the red-light. We never went early to bed, as there were always plates to be washed. Connie would sometimes sit up till the

small hours waiting for some obstinate one to get rid of its silver in the hypo. I have often waked up in the middle of the night to see her noving stealthily about the room to change the water the plates were soaking in. She did this so often that I wowed I would take another room for myself if she did not stop. Even I sometimes rebel if I am not as clever as she is. There was one other young man in the hotel, as ugly as sin and not even fascinating. I don't mind saying that Morris is almost handsome, be has nice eyes and hair, and not a bad nose, his mouth is not good or his jaw either, though some say it is a sign of determination, that chin

of his, and I know he has a tremendous will of his own, but if he would only grow a beard to hide that chin he could disguise the outward and visible sign as well as he does the inward grace. Well, this other youth used to try to entertain six girls at once. I don't believe he ever succeeded, for he was so sappy, yet I even thought of setting up a flirtation with him, and I think he would have taken kindly to it. though Connie is "the beautiful Miss Paige." However, Connie would not even speak to him, though he fancied himself a lady-killer; she was so devoted to Morris that she even submitted to his arrangement of a knife on a string, of the proper length, for a pendulum, to count seconds by, as he declared she never made seconds the same length two days running. Now, I ven-tured at one time to tell her this, but she snapped me up at once, saying I knew nothing about it, but my watch has a second hand and I have practiced counting seconds myself; she has borrowed my watch over and over again, but for

all her cleverness she never really learned to

At last we had a rainy spell which I thoroughly enjoyed, for Morris condescended to play billiards with me and we had a splendid time. Connie wouldn't play-she devoted herself to arranging her negatives, varnishing them and packing up some to send to Boston to be printed from; she was out of plates, too, and had ordered French to send some down. He wrote that he would send them by private hand, with some other mechanism she wanted (I think she had a evel sent down at this time, also), as far as Rivermouth, where the stage started from; they were to arrive on Tuesday. She meant to go over to get them herself, as she was sure that even the driver, who was voted to be capital by all the ladies because he undertook to match wools and silks for them at Rivermouth, even he would not be equal to carrying them with proper care, and I agreed with her when I tried to imagine him driving his four horses and cracking his whip, with the parcel hung by a

string between his teeth. Tuesday morning dawned bright and fair. Connie was distracted; Morris had promised on the first nice day to take her out to photograph a friend's yacht that day in the bay, and to make matters worse, when the signs of clearing showed themselves the night before, his friend had sent an invitation for us all to go for a day's sail that very Tuesday. Connie had just enough plates for such an excursion, and on Wednesday we were to go to the Isle of Shoals; we had never been there, and she was bent on photographing Celia Thaxter's lighthouse. At last she asked me to go to Rivermouth. "Now, Lena, (she always called me Lena if

she wanted anything, for she saw I liked Mor-ris to call me so), there's a good girl, it will be a lovely day for a drive on the coach. I almost wish I were going." "Well, why don't you, and let me go on the sacht! I'll take the views for you." I hated the idea of giving up this yachting trip. I was certain I should enjoy it more than Con., as she is miserable on the water. I knew I would yield to Connie, I always did, but this time I stuck it out manfully: I believe that is an appropriate expression, for men will stand up for things

onger than women will. "You know you would make a mess of the picture," said Connie, "and I do want to get some nice views really at sea and some of the racht too. You see I can't photograph at the sles of Shoals to-morrow without those new plates. There's a dear girl, you will go, won't

Of course I went, though Morris had talked about his classmate, Jack Rive, who would be on board; in fact, it was his uncle's yacht, and I was sure Jack would be nice; Jacks always are. Morris would be twice as nice if his name was Jack. By the way, Morris had progressed in photography. Con had allowed him to take some views without event first choosing the subject, focussing and putting in the plate her-self. She even let him mess with the developers, and I must say his pictures were more artistic and really better than hers.

Well. I went to Rivermouth on the stage, and sat by the driver. The Masons were leaving that day, so I had company over, and Mrs. Lambert, who did not like my giving up the yachting, gave the driver special injunctions about bringing me safely home. Mrs. Lambert was to go on the yacht, to look after the young people. Somehow, Morris did not know of my change of plans till the last moment, when he came out to bid the Masons good-by, and found me dolefully perched beside the driver.

"Why, Lena, where are you off tol I thought you were going yachting with us. What has happened? he asked, all in one breath. I believe Con was ashamed of herself, and did not mean he should know I was not to accompany

and things for Con," I said, looking as melanchoiy as I could. 'What a shame! Such a lovely day we should have on the water, too-a splendid breeze and a capital run, surely. Can't she wait for the "She wants them for the Isles of Shoals to-

go," said Morris. I liked that "must not!" It did sound so refreshing: it almost paid me for my martyrdom, and he did look so, but I shook my head; no one could be trusted with the precious machinery; it would be rattled to pieces in the coach. "Why doesn't she go berself?" he said, scowl-

"Anyone could bring them, and you mustn't

"She wants to take views on the yacht," I re-The driver was getting impatient, as he was bound to catch a train. Con came running out with her purse in her hand.

"I couldn't find your purse. Helen: take mine; there's money enough to pay for the things." I had asked her to get my purse, as I hated to climb down from my seat when I discovered I had not got it with me.

The stage started, we are soon rattling down the steep driveway; the roads are not dusty after this rain, everything tlooks so green and de-licious; the sun is bright, but not hot yet, and above all Morris did look so unhappy because I was not to be of their party. I am sure he as the bell rings. thought Connie selfish, and I wonder if my un- "No, indeed; I selfishness impressed him. After all there is a stiff breeze, and perhaps Connie will not enjoy the sail. (That does not sound unselfish.) Yet I do hope she will have a good time, she is so

bent on going.

My neighbor on the left grows entertaining as we journey along. He is an elderly youth, who has been down over Sunday to stay with his sisters and even remained until to-day. He is not half bad, he is a lawyer and knows how to talk. We soon find we have mutual friends and the drive is not so disagreeable as usual, especially as my conscience tells me that I have acted nobly. Somehow my conscience is easily satisfied and even stirs me up to a deal of pride. Rivermouth is as quiet and stupid as usual, even the shops are not particularly gay. I do my errands: I have a lot for the people at the hotel, who have taken this opportunity to send for articles with which the stage-driver was not to be intrusted. I get my lunch and indulge in an ice cream. I had made each person write down their errands and wrapped their money in the papers; these I had put as they were given me in my jacket pocket, but now I open Con's purse to pay for my lunch. I was just rising from my seat, but I sink down again; there is Morris's ring in Con's purse. How did it get there? Are they engaged? Does not she intend to let me know it? Was she ashamed to wear it! I collect my wandering thoughts; the waiter is standing before me with the ticket on a tray, and is impatient of my delay. I think she suspects I have not enough to pay the fifty-cent bill, and I know the shop is crowded at this bour, so my seat is wanted. I pay the maid, who looks relieved, and I go out into the street. Which way shall I turn? All my errands are done, and the parcels sent to the stage, except the photographic things that are at the station. The old grave-yard not far off attracts me; it is

not mean anything when he looked at me so He is really engaged to Con. They might have told me. Well, I did love him. I knew it was very wrong of me, and he loves Con. I suppose she really cares for him. She must, for everybody likes him. But why did she put the ring in her purse! Why didn't she wear it! My mind works in a circle. I am not clever enough to reason anything straight to a conclusion. The whistle of the train startles me. I hurry down to the station. I rush about to get the photographic parcel and find the stage nearly ready to start. A couple of big trunks are being strapped on behind; there are two fat

adies inside and a young lady wants the seat by "Here you are, m iss," he calls out to me, "I have been keeping this seat for you. That young person wante it, but I tell her it is engaged. Come, give me your hand, "miss; there you are!" he adds as I land safely in my place. One of the stout ladies put her head out of the

'Unless you can sit beside the driver you must come inside, Mary," she says. "You must not sit on the outside seat." "Let her have my seat," I suggested. "No you won't, miss; that is promised to the best young fellow ever I see. You just sit where you are. That girl would scream, I know, be-

fore we had gone a mile."

At this moment an agile young man climbs up as if he were accustomed to scramble up rigging. He thanks me as I draw in my skirts to make room for him, and peers anxiously under the seat at a parcel. The young girl gets inside and we are off. We have crossed the bridge and starts a conversation with my neighbor.
"It was a fine day for a sail, sir, and the old gentleman told me he expected you down in time to go off on a cruise this morning. He was disappointed when he did not find you on the stage last night, sir, especially as he invited a party for to day. Guess they had a good time,"

and the landsman chuckles to himself 'Sorry the Governor wanted me, but I missed the train. I had so much business to do. You were about right, I think; the yacht would roll a bit, but uncle is a good skipper-none better.'
Then this must be Jack Rice, thought I. His looks please me so I am ready to make friends with him when an opportunity offers. I have not long to wait; we are driving close to the edge of the highway to let a carriage pass; a branch of a tree, unseen by the driver, hangs over the road; he is busy, as his off-wheeler is skittish. I know the bough will strike me and I duck my nead. Mr. Rice lifts his stick and moves the branch as we reach it, but after all my hat is knocked off. "Thanks," I say.

"That was a narrow escape," says Jack Rice, and he looks at me as I try to put on my hat again. He smiles, "It's crooked, you know."

The ice once broken, it is easy to begin a conversation. Presently I say:
"It is a pity you missed the sail to-day. Mr. Rice. Your uncle has taken Mr. Worth and his | at home.

friends on board." "That is indeed a pity. I wish they had waited. Do you know them? Worth is such a good fellow and he promised to take the pretty Miss Paige with him. His letter is full of her. I shall miss seeing her at the hotel, too." "Yes, Mr. Worth took Miss Parge and Mrs. Lambert on board. They were going to have a

glorious time, I am sure. "Photographing, of course, Worth told me that the elder Miss Paige is devoted to that art." "Yes, the pretty Miss Paige is wrapped up in photography," say I, a little bitterly. "Oh, no, you must be mistaken, Worth says distinctly 'the other one.' It it is not the pretty one I am positive; she would never stain those

ovely fingers that Morris raves about." Now I pride myself on my pretty hand, and I know Morris admires that; he made Con photograph it and it is always displayed prominently whenever my picture is taken. Consequently, I "Really, Mr. Rice you must be mistaken,

it is the elder Miss Paige be likes best-Con-

"No, begging your pardou, that is not the one. I have his note here; see, he writes the name and blurs it. I can't make it out, but it is not Constance," He takes the note from bis pocketbook. I look at it, my heart is in my mouth. Yes, it is evidently Lena, which he has tried to correct to Helen. What am I to do? Shall I tell him who I am? That would be too embarrassing, so I laugh and say:

"Well, he is more devoted to Miss Constance I know, for I have seen him. I don't think he cares a bit for Helen, Lens he always calls her." Then I change the subject to the view and make him talk about his uncle's yacht. He is an enthusiastic sailor I know, and he chatters so fast that he forgets all about Worth and his friends. The conversation about this lasts till we nearly reach the Phipps Hotel.

"There's the Gypsy now! I know it's she," exclaimed Mr. Rice excitedly, as he caught sight of a yacht in what he called the "offing." "It must be," I rejoin, "it looks like her, and no other yacht is likely to be here." 'Yes, that's the Gypsy, sir," said the driver, who had hitherto paid no attention to our chatter. 'Look, there's her boat going back, now,"
he adds as he points his whip at a tiny craft
stealing out from the shore. 'Folks had too
much breeze, I reckin'," he said, laughing heartily as he gave his horses their customary en-courager to dash up the drive. Sure enough, there on their piazza was Mrs. Lambert and

Morris, but no Connie. "Glad to see you back," shouts Morris. "Hel-lo Rice, is that you? We missed you to-day." "Where is Connie?" I cry, "not drowned.

"Oh, no, gone to bed with a headache," says Morris, as he gives me his hand to help me jump down. Mr. Rice had scrambled down first and had turned to help me but found himself forestalled. "Here's your precious traps, sir," says the driver handing down a parcel, which from its

shape and general appearance, I see is a photo Why, Rice, have you taken up the noble art? wish you had been with us to-day. I am about sick of photography," adds Morris to me as his friend shakes hands with Mrs. Lambert. "Are you, Mr. Worth?" I say with considerable surprise, and something in his expression. as I look up at him, makes me blush. Then I

remember his ring in my sister's purse, Is Con "I am sure I don't k now," he replies, looking cross. I suspect they have quarreled, then I remember his letter to Mr. Rice. "I must run in and see her at once," and leaving them all I hasten to our room. "Well, Helen, are you home at last? Do find the cologne and put some on my head. I

thought you would never come," says Connie I lay the heavy parcel that has weighed on my mind and body, too, carefully on the table, and as I get the cologne, I remark: "You don't seem anxious about your photographic things."

"I have such a headache, I don't care the least what happens to them.' "Didn't you have a good time?" I ask a little spitefully; then I added: "It was such a lovely day to go to Rivermouth and even the drive home was splendid. I know it is horrid to say this, but 1 am in such a funny frame of mind." "Glad you had a nice time. It was nasty on the yacht, there was no one but old Mr. Rice and a friend of his, and Jack, that Morris said was so rich, was in Boston.

"I am dressing now for dinner, the big bell will ring in a minute and I intend to look as well as possible, I must try to look like 'the pretty Miss Paige.'" "I know he was, he came down in the stage with me," I say. "He is so nice—and he is a photographer, too, at least he has a machine. Shall you want any dinner, Connie dear," I add

"No, indeed; I want to sleep and get rid of this splitting headache." I go in to dinner and fear my face does not look as if I felt much sympathy for Connie's sickness, but how can I help it! As Morris, Mrs. Lambert, Mr. Rice and I sit down at our own table at the side of the room, Mrs. Lambert has insisted on this bit of exclusiveness, and we sometimes have to pay for it by the dis-comfort of having a cold dinner. Mr. Rice wears an embarassed air, for it is evident he repents his conversation on the stage and thinks of the betrayal of Morris's confidence. But Morris is as cheerful as I am, and we have a bout of brilliant repartee in which Mr. Rice joins. The girls at the big table are just dying to know what we are laughing about and think us especially mean to monopolize all the gentlemen.

"My dear," says Mrs. Lambert as we are ris-

"I did not know you could be so lively. I think Connie usually suppresses you."
"Of course, she does, Auntie," says Morris. "he never lets Lena say her soul is her own."
"It is pleasant to be relieved of all responsi-

l go to our room and find Connie restless. I sit down to read her to sleep. After awhile I come out and join the party around Mrs. Lambert's hammock. Presently a sailor comes up the steps to tell Mr. Rice that the boat is waiting for him. He says something to the man in an undertone, then asks Mrs. Lambert if we will not go over to the Isles of Shoals tomorrow on the yacht instead of the steamer-and adds with a rather admiring glance at me that then I would have a chance to see ten yachts. It is quite evident he has beard of my "noble self sacrifice." Mrs. Lambert accepts but does not think of Con, I never mention her,

neither does Morris. The moonlight is lovely. Mr. Rice suggests that we should walk down to the landing with

She said when I asked her for it that she had put my ring in it." 'Yes, it is still there. I have it in my "It was stupid of me to forget it and I miss it

so much. I took it off last night while we were developing, my hands were so wet that I could not put it in my pocket, so she took it."
"Oh," say I, a little bit relieved. I must admit. He looks at me rather suspiciously I "Rice tells me he showed you my letter to-day. It was very reckless of him to show it to

"I only saw my name," I say hastily.
"But he told you some of the context!" Why under the sun, or moon rather, was blessed with such a propensity for blushing!
But now I mean to spare my blushes and not
repeat exactly what Morris said. He confidently assures me, however, that he never cared the east for Connie, he says something about selfshness and remarked he wanted to learn phoraphy but now he is sick of the whole thing and we are never to mention the subject to each other. Besides, he does not mind going without his ring until be gets me a diamond. I tell him I prefer a true blue sapphire and he says I shall have it. Everything seems to go smoothly but I dread telling Connie to-morrow. I scarcely rouse her when I go to bed and in the morning I think she suspects something as she asks no questions. I find out afterwards that Morris betrayed to her his affection for me when he was so angry about my trip to Rivermouth. Connie even goes with us to the Isle of Shoals and flirts atrociously with Jack Rice. I wonder why mother named her Constance, for I think her the least constant person I know unless her constant fickleness gives her a claim to

But I do not care. I am too elated and Morris encourages my selfish happiness, I tell him it is very wrong of him not to put a stop to the vice of selfishness, which he dislikes so much, but he is happy, too, and it seems Mrs. Lambert is well satisfied with our engage-After all there is no place like Harborside,

is the loveliest spot on earth, and the Isle Shoals is the next loveliest, while old Mr. Rice's yacht is the loveliest thing on the water. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He Understood. "You don't mean to say that you understand French, Tommy?" "Oh, yes, I do. When ma and pa speak French at tea I know I'm to have a powder." Serious Epidemic.

The Epoch. First Brooklynite (on elevated road)-Umyum-good morning, Brown-um-" Second Brooklynite-Good morning, good morning. Got any gum about you? Fleft mine

Ward (who has got around to third base)-Hey, Mutrie! Matrie-Hev. what? Ward-Tell the band to play "Home, Sweet

Certain of Success. New York Sun. Patient (to young Sawbones, who is about to cut off his arm)-Do you think the operation will be successful, doctor? Young Sawbones-Of course it will: I'll have that arm off in less than ten minutes.

The Best of Reasons. Babyhood. "Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head! It's not raining." "No." "And the sun is not shining."

"No." "Then why do you carry it?" "'Cause

when it rains pa wante it, an' its only this kinder

weather that I kin get to use it at all." Lacks an Important Element. New York Sun. Bishop (dining with the family)-So you wouldn't like to be a bishop, Bobby, when you grow up? Bobby-I'd like to well enough, but as everybody says I take after ma's side of the family, I

don't s'pose i'll ever be fat enough for a bishop. What Did She Mean?

Boston Youth (at dinner)-Yes, indeed. Miss Toledo; our Browning symposiums draw together the very best minds in Boston. You have never read Browning! Well, well, that is too bad! You really must digest him!

Hostess—Perhaps, Charles, Miss Toledo can be helped to something!

Miss Toledo-Yes, thank you; a little more of that stuffing! Only One Place Open. Omaha World. First Chicago Woman-We are to be admitted

to the church conference, to-day, aren't we! Second Chicago Woman-No, indeed. Didn't you hear? They voted to keep us out.
"Oh, dear! I don't know what to do with myself this morning." "Well, let's go around to the court-house and listen to divorce cases. We're not shut out of there yet."

Fully Qualified.

"Well," he said, despondently, "I didn't get the place-failed on the examination-and there ain't a man in the town who would make a more efficient letter-carrier than L."

"It's too bad, John," replied his wife, with equal despondency. "I was so hopeful that you would pass. By the way, did you mail the letter I gave you this morning? "By thunder, I forgot all about it." A Gentle Hint. New York Sun.

It was nearly midnight, and she was gazing dreamily into the fire. "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Clara," he said airily. "I was thinking, Mr. Sampson," she replied, "how very much annoyed papa was to-day, over the amount of last month's gas bill." And then presently he left without giving her Embarrassing.

Babyhood. A very pretty little girl, only three years old, attracted the attention of passengers in a New York train for this city the other day, and finally one gentleman succeeded in getting her upon his knees. "Where are you going, sissy?" he inquired "I'm doin' to Hartford," said the child, adding eagerly: "I've dot on a new pair of flannel drawers! Did you ever have a pair of flaunel drawers?" Further inquiries were smothered in the laughter of everybody within

Wait Till the Clouds Rolled Up. The Epoch. They were at the front gate in the moonlight, and he had asked her to be his wife. With outstretched hands and a throbbing heart he awaited her answer. "George," she said, in a nervous whisper, "you must give me time-you must give me time." "How long," he hoarsely asked. "a day, a week, a month, a year?" "No-no, George," as she quickly scanned the sky, "only until the moon gets behind a

empora Mutantur. Now, love, d al ood care of our dear little Herbert. Don't him out, if its colder than yesterday. Be sure to keep track of how many times he coughs and cries, so as to tell me; for I'm sure I can think of some way to reduce the number of those spells. You know you both are

always in my mird Mrs. Nupop (dutifully)-Yes, dear. Mrs. Nupop (apropos the third baby)—Dick, please take baby a little while. And won't you bring another bottle of soothing syrup this noon! This is the third time I've asked you. Mr. Nupop (taking the child with reluctance)

-Hang it all, Fan! You expect a man to be a
combination nurse-maid and errand-boy every day of his life. I do wish you'd manage you own children, and let me have a little rest when I'm at home! Oh, stop howling!

The world was made when a man was born: He must taste for himself the forbidden springs; He can never take warning from old-fashioned things; He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth, He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes That are clear as the wells of paradise. -John Boyle O'Reilly.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day. -Longfellow. Hop Lee's Telegram.

Our friend Mr. Stanley Jewett, who now lives at Lamanda Park, gave his Chinaman a holiday last week, and the Mongol was to have returned at 6 o'clock. About that hour Mr. Jewett received the following telegram, which we give "Mr. Stanley Jewett, Lamanda Park: No elatchee clain. Come home leven clock. Plea

Written for the Indianapolis Journal. Hail bounteous May, that dest inspire Mirth and youth and warm desire."

Blithely the blue bird warbles Spring,
From Orchard boughs where blossoms cling,
And soft the South breeze greets the hours
With music from the Land of Flowers.
The blace now with greenest leaves,
From the bland air its strength receives, And opens to the morning eye Its fragrant crown of purple dye.

The Forest, from its stately head, Shakes off its garlands pale and dead, And, like an Oriental Queen, Puts on its dress of living green;
Its fronded limbs, seen here and there,
Serve but to make its robes more fair,
While flowers of earliest bicoming greet
The sunshine flickering at its feet. The Fruit-trees blossoming in pride, Like almond groves on Carmel's side, Wave in the morning air and fling

Their petals on the lap of Spring.
The running Myrtle twines around
The graves, within the burial ground,
Where, startled by affection's tread,
Flits the lone bird that loves the dead. When Earth's Cold Winter of the Soul In Death shall yield its strong control, And from that chill embrace the heart, Like the first spring violet shall start, O may the breeze of Eden play Around it in Eternal Day.

In fadeless grace beyond the tomb. -Joseph F. Brown. INDIANAPOLIS, May 19, 1888. Written for the Sunday Journal.

nd cause this withered bud to bloom

Tip to Poets. Editor, what do you think?
Why will you longer delay?
Spring of the daisy and pink
Further gets from us each day. What of my verses to May!
Are they to come out in June! Plagues on this waiting I say— Time hurts the sense of a tune

Wooing poet is hay; Hidden, remained in a chink, Falling to dust and decay. Now they are mouldy and gray;
Maybe you wrote them too soon,
Readers would shrink in dismay—
Time hurts the sense of a tune. Reader, you stood on the brink.

Poet, your paper and ink,

Narrow escape, any way, Might have been soft tink-a-tink, May be some long vivelay; Sure to be soaked with disme Rhymes, to the sky, and the moon Sing with the editor, pray— Time hurts the sense of a tune Poet, no longer essay

Poems; we think you a loon Tackle some style that's au fait.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Her Own Fault. You did it, you needn't deny:
Your name, here it is, just below—
"What of it. That don't signify You wrote them long ages ago!"
Well, verses are verses, I know,
But I don't believe what you say—
May be you've got two strings to your bow:
At least, I'm real mad, anyway.

See here, how it reads: "Bluest eye, And hair with a golden glow, Her cheeks with ripe peaches might vie." There, that's what you wrote, if it's so,
And you are just dying to go;
Why don't you go to her and stay?
Since I—well I think I'll say no; At least, I'm real mad, anyway.

A "Poem of Fancy" O fie!

These rhymes and this love-like glow—
Well then, if it is, tell me why You never made love to me so! "I wouldn't permit it" O ho!
Should I, like a goose, say you may?
Well, you are a poke of a beau,
And I am real mad, anyway.

Kind friend, hear the rest, full of woe. He left, as I asked, lack-a-day, And that's why I use, a propos, The phrase, "I'm real mad, anyway."

Dying Soliloguy of Guinivere. whisper to myself his name, I count the years, I count the shame, I feel the torture of the flame.

I loved him not, yet well I know I took his life—and deep and slow I wrought the wound, I dealt the blow. I know not where his body lies...
I dare not meet his clear, large eyes,
Bright with the light of Paradise.

Oh, I am old and changed!—and what If I should meet with Launcelot And he should pass and know me not? Methinks my heart would throb and swell Until it broke again—ah, well 'Twould make of heaven a two-fold hell. To think that we two souls had met And he had passed, with quiet face set. Away from me, so old!—and yet

It was not love for him I felt: No love in me hath ever dwelt Save love of self. Why, I have knelt And prayed to God for grace to me, Have moaned and prayed for strength to see Some hope in gray eternity.

And in my prayer no name has mixed With mine, lest it should come betwixt My though and God, and leave unfixed

The grace for which I prayed. -John Grosvenor Wilson. One Day at a Time. One day at a time! That's all it can be; No faster than that is the hardest fate; And days have their limits, however we Begin them too early and stretch them too late

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by, One day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knowing only too well how long they can see
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks;
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height-Such joy as the heart can never forget—
and pulses are throbbing with wild delight.
How hard to remember that suns must set. One day at a time! But a single day
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a oit of precious Scripture to say
That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life: All sorrow, all joy are measured therein, The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife, The one only countersign sure to win.

One day at a time! It's a wholesome rhyme, A good one to live by, -Helen Hunt Jackson.

A Thanatopsis. Death is an angel with two faces.

To us he turns

A face of terror, blighting all things fair:

The other burns With glory of the stars, and love is there: And angels see that face in heavenly places.

Two strong sharp swords are in the hands of Death One smites to dust

One smites to dust

Dear Beauty's idol and the thrones of power.

And long, sweet years in the brief, awful hour

Vanish because they must;

His other and his stronger sword is just.

It slays untruth and mocks at this world's lust; Giving Eternity by one stopped breath— O Liberating Death!

Strive, O my soul, to see The heavenly face and that delivering sword, Till I shall be All fashioned truly to the incarnate Word. And live, not knowing Death, in Thee, O Lord! -Theodore C. Williams.

The Bird's Faith. What matters it though life uncertain be To all? What, though its goal Be never reached? What, though it fail and flee Have we not each a soul? A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure.
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more

And every joy is sure. Be like the bird, that, on a bough too frail To bear him, gaily swings!
He carols—though the slender branches fall—
He knows that he has wings.

A Cynic.

He called himself a "cynic," and made claim To scorn the world, its pleasures and its strife. He laughed at love, and said 'twas but a name; t fate saw fit his secret to discle He lost his own to save a woman's life, And o'er his heart they found a withered rose!

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years, And it carries up to heaven Its sunships or its tears; While the to-morrows stand out and wait, READING FOR THE SABBATH

Sunday-School Lesson for June 3, 1888. JESUS CRUCIFIED .- Matt. xxvii, 33-50. Golden Text-He humbled himself, and became

Mon.-Matt. xxvii, 33-50......Jesus erucific Tues.-John xviii, 19-24...Jesus before the high pric Wed.-..Matt. xxvi, 57-68......Jesus before Sanhedri Thurs.—John xviii, 28-38....Jesus before Pila
Fri.—Luke xxiii, 1-12...Jesus before Here
Sat.—Matt. xxvii, 15-26...Jesus rejecte
Sun.—John xiz, 1-16...Jesus sentence

Every reader of the history of Christ's death, must be struck by the plainness and simplicity of the narration. There is no attempt to characterize the wickedness of the deed or the greatness of His suffering. It is only a real statement of real events about real persons. All else is left to the development of history.

The order of events, after Peter's denial, seems to have been about real persons. seems to have been about as follows: 1. The Sanhedrim meets in form at daylight, and condemns Jesus (Matt. xxvii, 1). 2 Jesus sent to Pilate to obtain consent to put Him to death (Matt. xxvii, 2). 3. Pilate interviews Jesus first outside (John xviii, 28-32), and then within the palace, and finds no fauls (Matt. xxvii, 11-14). 4. Pilate sends Jesus to Herod (Luke xxiii, 5-12). 5. Jesus again before Pilate (Luke xxiii, 13-16). 6. Warning from Pilate's wife (Matt. xxvii, 19). 7. Barabbas chosen before Jesus by the people (Matt. xxvii, 20-23). 8. Pilate washes his hands (Matt. xxvii, 24-25). 9. Sentenced to be crucified (Mark xv. 15). Jesus scourged and mocked (Matt. xxvii, 26-30) 11. Judas kills himself (Matt. xxvii, 3-10). 12 Led away to be crucified (Matt. xxvii, 31).

HINTS AND HELPS. Some test questions—1: Where was Golothal 2. Why did he refuse the gallf 3. What prophet spoke of parting his garments, and when? 4. What did Jesus say about restoring the temple? 5. Why could he not save himself? 6. When was the sixth hour, and how was time reckoned then? 7. What was the vinegar? 8. What is meant by yielding the ghost? 9. How many sentences did Christ

utter on the cross? Points for class talks—1. He would not drink thereof. 2. The strange prophecy fulfilled. 3. The unconscious, unintended statements of religious truth by its enemies, as in the inscription (v. 37); 4. Crucified with Christ. 5. Himself he could not save from pain and death. 6. The darkness, or nature's great sympathy with her Lord. 7. Forsaken of God. 8. The victor's cry, or home at last. 9. The work of man's redemption complete: "It

SPECIAL APPLICATION. 1. The voluntary death of the Lord Jesus in His own world the most important event of its 2 In this mysterious death He becomes the Lamb of God that beareth away the sine of the 3. The cross is the only measure of the awful

4. This is God's last and greatest argument of love appealing to the hearts of rebellion 5. The cross is the only measure of the greatness and glory of the salvation that God has placed within the reach of lost men.

depths of ruin into which sin has plunged the

Religious Notes. Pennsylvania has about 9,000 Sunday-schools Ohto and New York have each about 7,000. The Reformed Episcopal Church comprises 9 churches, 120 ministers and 12,000 communi-

Pascal: The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most poweful influence in the world Colton: It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition. Rev. Edward Taylor: If God made the world, you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part of it as yourself; therefore, trust in

The first Protestant church and Sunday-school and prayer-meeting organized in Califor-nia was that organized by Rev. W. Roberts in Bishop Huntington: Thorns are God's mis

sionaries to the children of earth; floral apostles sent to teach us to love the bountiful giver of so much beauty. Mr. Thomas Whitley, of England, whose son recently died in the missionary work on the Congo, has paid the outfit and passage of a man

to take his son's place. The Greek Catholics of Chicago expect soon to have a church of their own. It will be the third Greek Catholic Church in the United States, there being one in San Francisco and another in New Orleans.

There is a church in Boston in which each member of a certain committee is pledged to make the occupants of the five pews in front of him feel at home in the church. After each service he speaks to the occupants and shows other attention calculated to make them wish to It is proposed to establish in Bethany (the town of Mary and her sister, Martha, where the Lord raised Lazarus from the dead) a home which shall form a center of Christian work.

The village has to-day about five hundred inbabitants, who live in squalor and die in ignorance of the gospel. Christmas day eight Jews and Jewesses were baptized in Christ Church, Mount Zion, Jeru-salum. This is the largest number eyer admitted into the church there at one time. Several other Jewish candidates are awaiting baptism. The three daughters of Joseph Rab-inowitz, leader of the Hebrew-Christian move-

ment in south Russis, have lately been bap-The oldest Presbyterian church in the United States with unbroken succession of records and worship is that at Jamaica, Long island, which took form between 1656 and 1662; but of course this was not the first in the co time between 1608 and 1614 Rev. Alexande Whitaker preached to a Presbyterian congrega-tion at Bermuda Hundreds, Va., and this was

doubtless the first. A missionary in South Africa sent to the Golden Rule a very interesting account of a Society of Christian Endeavor among the Zulus. The organization is modified necessarily to meet the needs of the natives, but the main features are the same as in America. The Zulu young people take much delight in their society, are instructed by the missionaries in Bible truth, and learn to pray and work by actual experience. as do their young brethren on the other side of

the globe. The home life of a Christian has been fitly called the "surest test" of his piety. When abroad, like a soldier on parade, he is conscious that the social eye is watching him, and therefore he keeps himself within the requirements of his religious profession. When within his own home, like a soldier off parade and in the undress and freedom of the barrack-room, he is ant to set out his real self and to reveal discount apt to act out his real self, and to reveal dispositions elsewhere held in restraint. Hence if becomes every believer to seek a character that will endure the fireside test, since he who is not Christlike when under his own roof-tree is not really Christlike at all.

> All's for the best, indeed; Such is my simple creed, Still I must go and weed Hard in my garden. -George Eliot. We learn too late

Attle things are more great. Hearts like ours must daily be Fed with some kind mystery. iden in a rocky nook, Whispered from a wayside brook, Flashed on unsuspecting eyes, In a winged, swift surprise; "What shall I do to gain eternal life?"

Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife, Yes, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise

Will life be fled; While he who ever acts as conscience cries Shall live, though dead.

For Young Men. Rev. John Hall.

Lead me not into temptation! O young man, think within yourself, "I am so strong, there is no fear about me," I tell you, you make the most dreadful mistake! The very fact that you think yourself so strong opens the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptation aside. Come to the Lord's side and pledge your self to Him, and be His, and when you say, "Lead me not into temptation," move in the direction of your prayer, and God will give you the strength in which alone you will be able to resist the tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil, and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself, not magnifying in yourself, but saying: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and glory."

Brown Eggs Are Best. Boston Letter.

Poultrymen say that their produce fetches better prices in Boston than in any other city. Swell people here are regularly supplied from the farms above-mentioned with eggs, each of which is accompanied by a certificate guarantee which is accompanied by a certificate guaranteeing its freshness, in the shape of a stamped inscription on the shell giving the name of the
ovicultural establishment whence it comes and
the date of laying. If you order boiled eggs for
one at any of the big hotels, you will find them
marked "Tanglebrier Farm," or "Maplewood
Farm," in blue letters. Such eggs cost 10 cents -Henry Barton. | a dozen more than the ordinary market price, | dress.

out larger eggs and browner once than 'an other hens can. For brown eggs-thoug everybody is not aware of the fact—are bette flavored and richer than white ones. Carefu fisvored and richer than white ones. Careful housewives will observe that they go further in making cake and many other dishes. The dark shell is altogether an artificial thing, obtained by the careful selection of the brownest eggs for setting. The Brahmas used to have milk-white eggs, but in this way they have been made to lay dark ones. Some day, it is thought, shells nearly black will be secured. It is a curious fact that Boston is the only place where brown eggs fetch more than light ones. But then, you know, the modern Athens is always acutely appreciative of superexcellence in anything, and eggs, of course, are an excellent brain food. Another queer circumstance is that a hen invariably lays eggs of the same tint right along, but darker in winter than in summer.

FARMER KREITMEYER'S LUCK. After a Romantic Career He Falls Heir to a Barony and Great Wealth

Economy (Pa.) Special to New York Telegram. Emil Kreitmerer, a middle-aged man, employed here for some time past as a farm laborer, to-day electrified the Communistic Society of Economites in whose employ he has been, with the startling announcement that his real name is Von Kreitmeyer, and that he has just come into possession of the title of baron and a vast estate in Oberamt Maulbronn, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany.

Emil Vom Kreitmeyer is the second son of the tenth baron of the same name. He was born on his father's estates in the German

province above named forty-eight years ago.
Before reaching his majority he fell desperately
in love with Wilhelmina Freibertszeiser, the
daughter of his father's gamekeeper—a brient
eyed, rosy cheeked, buxom girl of seventeen—
whom at length he clandestinely wedded,
When the concealment of this secret marriage was no longer possible the wrath of Emil's noble father knew no bounds. He pronounced anathems maraneths up.n his son for having dis-graced his family by a mesalliance with a peasant girl, turned him out of doors and for-bade him to ever again cross the threshold of the Von Kreitmeyer hall. Thus east off by his father and "cut" by all his aristocratic friends, young Kreitmeyer pluckily resolved to take his young wife over the sea and endeavor to earn a comfortable living for her by the labor of his

young wife over the sea and endeavor to earn a comfortable living for her by the labor of his hands in the new world. During the voyage she presented him with a son and heir, but both mother and child died and were buried at sea.

Meanwhile the guns of Fort Sumter were booming, and when Kreitmeyer landed at New York he found that city ablaze with excitement, while brave men jostled each other in their eagerness to enroll themselves among the volunteers for whom President Lincoln had called. Having been destined by his father for the army, young Kreitmeyer promptly enlisted to a New York regiment. At New York regiment battle of Bull Run-ried off the field with bullet in his breast, and for ward he was confined in a W When sufficiently recovered

til the very end of the twice wounded, and one be sharpshooter contrived to When mustered out of render, Kreitmeyer, hav visit incognito to the home. On arriving i father's estate, when bride in the long ag to his father-in-law. learned from him dead, and that his e of the title and est

turned to his regiment and

and softened by the Kreitmeyer sought brother, but the ne riage with the gar lowing the examp Feeling utterly fr world, Kreitmeyer of fifteen year of fifteen years, dur harmed through bo

Franco-Prus

He left the army

the United States country was not so i city, turning his han obtain, he at length d tlement and obtain Some three or four months age he answered an advertisement in a German newspaper for information concerning Emil Von Kreitmeyer.

heir to the barony and estates of Von Kreimeyer, in Oberamt Maulbronn, Wurtemburg Germany—the last incumbent, Emil's brother having died. Considerable correspondence passed on the subject, and yesterday Kreitmeyer received a letter with a German postmark from the family solicitors, enclosing a draft on New York for a sum sufficient to supply all his wants and enable him to travel like a gentleman to Oberams Maulbronn, where his title and estates await.

WOMEN AND RELIGIOUS WORK. An Opening for Them in the New Order of

Perhaps the poorest use to which a woman can be put is exclusive religious work-absolute devotion to the spiritual needs of mankind, to the exclusion of every other interest in life. It is unnatural, and, to the extent to which it is unnatural, it is wrong. But there are so many failures to fill the possibilities of lives that a single misapplication is hardly worth troubling about, particularly as those who are affected by it would still miss the best was of their realization. it would still miss the best use of their vario talents. If women are to devote themselves to a single object, as many are always disposed to do, perhaps nothing can be more grateful than a devotion to religious work. While we look upon the lives of women in convents as far from meeting the ends of nature, we are bound to admit that there is hardly any life more congenial and more satisfactory to enthusiastic women with a great capacity for sacrifice.

with a great capacity for sacrifice.

Until a comparatively recent period, there has been no opening for devoted women in the Protestant churches. That is to say, there has been no means of support for a Protestant woman who might prefer a life of absolute devotion without the distractions which the earning of bread involves: The Roman Catholic Church bread involves: The Roman Catholic Church has for centuries offered a grateful field to world-weary women, to religious enthusiasts. to women of talent who find no satisfying results in the ordinary life. It has been one element of strength to the church. It is the recognition of the right of devotional women to a bare living while giving themselves solely to the good of mankind. The Episcopal Church re-established its order of deaconesses some years ago, and there has been no question as to the good re-

Perhaps, next to the Presbyterians, the Methodists would be least expected to adopt a system which has been considered a step toward Romanism; yet the institution of an order deaconesses by the General Conference is on an evidence that this church means to use possible and legitimate means to strengthen itself and extend its work. No women are more essentially religious workers than Method'st women. In some respects they have worked at a disadvantage, but they have worked. It is hardly too much to say that the aggressiveness of Methodist work is the product of the enthusiasm of women. The new order will enable many women in this church to discard all considerations of self-support while giving their full fime and energy to good works. The experiment will no doubt lead to a great extension of the plan and eventually there will be an army of Protestant women as absolutely devoted to ous work as the women who enter the Catholie conventa.

The Outfit for a Sea Voyage.

Boston Journal. Although almost everyone has learned be perience the proper outfit for a sea voyal few surgestions may be useful at this time the year, when the steamers are loaded for rope. A steamer chair is indispensable, the companies have not yet proper necessary conveniences, as they traveling rug, or a warm, heavy, desirable. In the steamer trundeling lamp, one or two pine drinking cups, besides articles, a warm ulster, a and a long gray, blue or and a long gray, blue or

of the whole outfit A Point in Just as it is the co to wear a veil at ber marry widowers to